TO

His Sacred MAJESTY,

King WILLIAM III.

A

PANEGYRICK.

Presented to the

EARL of PORTLAND.

The Second Edition.

By Mr. *MANNING.*

Nil majus generatur Ipso,
Nec Viget Quidquam simile. Horat.

LONDON,
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To the Right Honourable,

WILLIAM

Earl of PORTLAND, &c.

Knight of the Moſt Noble Order of the Garter.

SInce by ſo Earneſt, and ſo Wiſe a Care
You Rule that Treaty which Concludes the War:
Since Europe *doth Confeſs the Peace is due*
Next to our matchleſs King, my Lord, to You.
Well may the Muſes grateful Offerings raiſe
To Him, whoſe Worth ſo far tranſcends their Praiſe:
Him, whoſe unwearied Services commend
The Faithfulſt Subject, and the Faithfulſt Friend.

Accept my Lord, a Muſe that ſtrives to Sing
The Greateſt Hero, and the Greateſt King.
She ſtrives indeed, but to her Coſt ſhe found
Her Voice too Weak for ſo Sublime a Sound.
A Theme ſo Lofty, and a Work ſo Bold,
Ask ſtrength and Fancy not to be Controul'd.

Like a rude Painter, whom propitious Chance
Directs (unknown) ſome Likeneſs to advance:

All I can boaſt amounts alone to bring
Some faint Reſemblance of ſo Brave a King.
Portland *is able beſt to judge How well*
The Picture ſhews the Great Original:
Can with a glance Diſcern, if in the Lines
Ought that is like a true Proportion ſhines.

For You have from the Hero's mouth been taught
His gallant Aims, and all his inmoſt Thought.
And have Your Self been Witneſs of the Toil
He ſpent in Arms to ſave the Britiſh Soil.

How with amazing Valour He purſu'd
His numerous Foes thro' Duſt, and Fire, and Blood.
Whilſt His Triumphant Fleet at his Command
Diſpers'd His Thunder thro' the Hoſtile Land:
Deſtroying Towns, and Navys that preſume
To ſhare His Ocean, and to tempt their Doom.
Till now their Maſter, fearful of His Pow'r,
Solicites Peace, which he Diſdain'd before.
With haſt He Signs, releaſing All his Claim
To Towns and Countries won, and bends to William's
Name.

TO THE KING.

VOuchsafe, Great Sir, to hear without disdain
Some of the Wonders that Compose your Reign.
Take as your Due, suspending Arms a while,
The Title of *Preserver of our Isle.*
Other Monarchs found a wide Command
In Laws Subverted, or a Conquered Land:
Born for the World's Relief, You glory more
To free that Nation, and those Laws restore.
There needs no Conquest to maintain Your Sway,
You Reign o'er People willing to Obey.

When Parents, lost to Nature, would forsake
Their Children, and the just Succession break:
Who blames an Heir, that with propitious Speed
Sets forth his Claim, and labours to Succeed?
So when old *Saturn* had resolv'd to chase
His Eldest *Jove*, and all his Lawful Race;
Mov'd with the Wrong, the injur'd Son arose,
Maintain'd his Title, and Dispers'd his Foes.

And here, Great King, what Praise and Thanks are due
For *England*'s Happiness restor'd by You!
What storms of Fury this poor Island toss'd,
Before You landed on the *British* Coast!

The brand of Zeal was ready to inflame
Its Boſom, and deſtroy our native Claim
To Liberty, Religion, Law and Right,
When to prevent it, We Your aid invite.
You came, You ſaw, like *Cæſar* You ſucceed,
And all our Captive-Laws by You are freed.
So *Perſeus* once, to ſave the injur'd Maid,
Flew o'er the Deep, and brought a timely Aid.

Fain would I dwell upon this great Relief,
That fix'd our Safety, and diſpers'd our Grief.
Recorded Let it be to future Time,
Inſpiring Poets with unuſual Rhime.
Let the Triumphant Subject fill each Page,
Exalt their Numbers, and increaſe their Rage.
But then, how Large, how Bright ſhould be the Flame
That dares attempt to ſpread the Hero's Fame!
He, who like Lightning ſhone upon our Land,
(Dread in his Look, and Juſtice in his Hand,)
Yet when He ſhot thro' every guarded place
Forbore his Vengeance, and diſplay'd his Grace.

A Love ſo Wondrous, and an Act ſo Bold
Make us believe Thee ſcarce of humane Mould:
But (what's more ſuited to ſuch Deeds) that Fate
Some Guardian Angel ſent to prop a ſinking State.

Pale Horror now, nor Crimſon Slaughter bear
Your feet aſcending to the Regal Chair.
How ſoon our Great Preſerver did unite
The Monarch's Grandeur, and the People's Right!
How ſoon were all our gathering Tempeſts o'er,
When once You ſhew'd Your Perſon on our ſhore!
So when the Winds at *Juno*'s ſuit aroſe,
And pour'd impetuous fury on her Foes:
The Oceans God did all his Care employ
To lay thoſe Winds, and ſave remaining *Troy*.

France for an Age her deep Deſigns had laid,
And for a War a Vaſt Proviſion made:
Whilſt Neighb'ring Kings obſerv'd it not, or drown'd
In ſoft Amuſements, ſlighted what they found.
Or what is worſe, expected to partake
That Pow'r that did the World's whole Fabrick ſhake.
Thus Fleets were built, and Armies on the ſtrand
Inſulting ſpread a Fear thro' every Land.
On You, Brave Prince, the low'ring Tempeſt fell,
And Storms increaſe as You their Rage repell.
France, Hydra-like, no ſooner loſt one Head,
But ſtill Two more ſeem'd riſen in its ſtead.
Till You, purſuing with *Herculean* Toil,
Oppos'd her Progreſs, and regain'd the Spoil.

Plac'd in the Throne, by Law, by Right your Due
All our Complaints are ſoon redreſs'd by You.
Once more with joy we ſee our Laws reſtor'd,
The Nation's Honour, and the Prince's VVord.
The People now, whoſe univerſal Voice
Gave Thee the Crown, confirm the worthy Choice.
The grateful Senate votes with joynt Applauſe
Sufficient Aids for Thine, and *Europe*'s Cauſe.
VVhilſt You with care diſpoſing of the ſame,
Make large returns of Empire and of Fame.
Thus *Scotland* (when Rebellious Arms withſtood
The Joynt Election, and the Publick Good)
Glad to contribute to your Fame's increaſe,
VVas by your Arms reſtor'd to native Peace.

'Twas here a Savage Brood maintain'd the VVar,
Bred among Rocks, and harden'd by Deſpair,
Eager of Blood, inur'd to Toil and Cold,
Led by a hardy Rebel, Firm and Bold,
In vain attempted with a fierce Career
To check Thy Progreſs, and thy Laurels tear.

Fill'd with Thy Genius brave *Mackay* receiv'd
The Sturdy Foe, who ſuch bold Acts atchiev'd,
That had his Cauſe been Right, his Fortune we had greiv'd.
But This may ſhew what Fate's decreed for Thoſe
VVhoſe impious Arms dare ſuch a King oppoſe.

To *Ireland* paſſing next I ſhould diſcloſe,
Great King, Thy Triumphs over other Foes.
There ſhould I trace Thee to the duſty Fight,
Plung'd in the midſt, and mov'd with fierce Delight:
Purſuing Squadrons of the yielding Foe,
VVhilſt *Boyn*'s white VVaves grew red at every blow:
VVhen Bullets by Divine Commiſſion flew,
And pitying *Europe*'s ſtate diſtinguiſh'd You.
What Perils in the Tumult didſt thou run,
Confronting Death, which had the World undone!
But Providence thy Guardian ever found,
Exchang'd the Ruine for a painful Wound.

O that I had but *Waller*'s Heavenly flame
Powerful and Bright, proportion'd to Your Fame:
In Verſe triumphant as my Theme, I'd ſing
The Godlike Deeds of happy *Britain*'s King!
How ſwift as *Phœbus* Rays he Pierc'd each place,
Terror and Conqueſt lightned from his Face:
His Foes Aſtoniſh'd, Sunk upon the Plain,
And ſcarce a Few eſcap'd Affrighted o'er the Main.

But Theſe are Stroaks that claim a Maſter's Hand,
Unfit for me to touch, what Few can e're Command.
Mean while as long as Silver *Boyne* ſhall flow,
And fruitful Crops to neighbouring Meads beſtow:
As long as *Mountague*'s exalted Page,
Fill'd with Thy Glorys ſhall retain its Rage.
As long as *Ireland*'s reſcu'd Laws ſhall ſtand,
So long Thy Conqueſts ſhall adorn That Land.

Nor

Nor is Thy Conquering Soul to Lands confin'd,
The Ocean has to Thee her Bounds reſign'd.
Lord of the Sea, where e're Thy Fleets are found,
The wondring Coaſts Thy ſettled Fame reſound.
The *French*, obſerving where Thy Navy rides,
Keep cloſe at home, nor dare They truſt the Tides.
Too well They call to mind that Fatal hour
When *Ruſſel* chas'd Them with his floating Power.
The harmleſs *Tourville* thought it time to fly,
When he perceiv'd an *Engliſh* Fleet was nigh.
This is our Iſlands Strength: ſhould Armies fail,
The Terror of our Ships would ſtill prevail.
But thou at once art Fear'd upon the Plain,
And art Supream Controuler of the Main.
Well then may *Tourville* and the *Gallick* Fleet
Deſpair of Safety, when our Force They meet.
La Hogue's remembred ſtill, whoſe Dreadful Name
Confounds their Spirits, and reveals their Shame.
With what Impatience did the Foes retire,
Led by the Light of their Own Navy's Fire!

Namur ſhould be One Subject of my Song,
Namur, ſo Great, ſo Daring and ſo Strong.
No common Fortreſs here deludes Your Fame,
This won, You ſpread throughout the Globe Your Name.
Nature and Art, Blood, Fire, and Rage combine
To diſappoint the Bold, the Brave Deſign.
How did the battering Canons prove their Force,
And fierce Battalions ſtorm it in their Courſe!
In vain the warm Defenders would repell
Your Conquering Troops, for when the Boldeſt fell,
A New Supply was ſtill reſerv'd behind,
The ſame the Boldneſs, and the Conquering mind.
Cutts leads them on, the King's Example fires
The Hero, and to Conqueſt Him inſpires.

Now would I Draw collected near the Town
The Foes United Strength to finiſh Thy Renown.
In vain doth *Villeroy* threaten to advance
With all the Pride, and all the Power of *France*:
In vain pretends with a Superior Force
To brave Your Army, and divert Your Courſe.
Slighting his Threats, quick Orders You diſpence
To Storm the Fort, in ſpight of all Defence:
To gain their Lodgments, and the Work purſue,
Contemning All that Foes on either ſide can do.

Mean while the *French* are much alarm'd to find
Such Reſolution, and ſuch Conduct joyn'd.
Amaz'd at all the Actions they Behold,
At Troops ſo Daring, and a King ſo Bold,
Stand gazing on to ſee the Fort reſign'd,
And own *Naſſau* the Greateſt of Mankind.

Thus Thoſe, who aim'd at Univerſal Sway,
Are here Compell'd to Wonder and Obey.
Thoſe who with Gold ſo often had o'errun
Whole Provinces, and ſtrongeſt Places won,
Oppos'd in open VVar decline the Field,
Atteſt Your Valour, and Conſent to Yeild.

THIS were a Task indeed; but, oh! my Muſe,
Unknowing to be Bold muſt ſuch a Work refuſe.
Far from the War ſhe humbly ſeeks to rove,
And ſing in ſofter Strains of Peace and Love.
Now may ſhe ſing of both, for *Mars* reſigns
His Empire, *Venus* with *Apollo* joyns:
The God of Day triumphs, again ſerenely ſhines.

War's now no more, the Trumpet's ſhrill Alarm
Excites no Terror, and implies no Harm.
No longer now deſtructive Engines roar,
No longer breath Defiance from our Shore:
Inſtead of Thunder, Peals of Joy afford,
For Your Return, and for the Peace reſtor'd.
Reſtor'd by You, Great KING! for You alone
Cou'd check th' Enlargment of the *Gallick* Throne.
Let others boaſt ignoble Foes to tame,
Foes much unequal and unus'd to Fame:
Unlike ſuch Victors, ſtronger Armies You,
E'en in their height of Triumphs can ſubdue.

War's now no more, let every Wind diffuſe,
Where'er the Ocean rouls the happy News.
On every Shore ſhall preſſing Throngs be found,
Prepar'd with liſt'ning Ears to catch the joyfull Sound.
With Shouts of Gladneſs ſhall the Tidings hear,
Reſume their Spirits and diſcharge their Fear.

War's now no more, the humble Shepherds lead
Their Flocks with Joy, ſecurely now they feed.
The Husbandman no more his Toil reſtrains,
But reaps Himſelf the Harveſt of his pains.
The thriving Merchant unmoleſted joyns
Both *Indies*, and returns with ſailing Mines.
The Muſes too their drooping Spirits raiſe,
And ſing aloud the *PEACE*, the Triumph of our Days.

The *Brittiſh* Monarch has the laſting Fame
Of ſettling *Europe*'s Peace, and every Lawfull Claim.
What Pow'r on Earth could e'er have long withſtood
The juſt Attempt of one ſo Great, ſo Good?

A Prince, whoſe Name ſtrikes Terror in his Foes,
Secures a conſtant and a firm Repoſe.

A Fame ſo bright, ſo much beyond the Praiſe
Of modern Heroes, well might Wonder raiſe
Enough to make an * Emperor leave his Throne
So far remote, his Conqueſts newly won,
And Greater ſtill in view, to viſit Him alone.
So *Sheba*'s Queen to diſtant *Judah* came,
To ſee a Prince that fill'd the World with Fame.

* Czar of *Moſcovy*.

To Thee, Great KING, united *Europe* gave
Their Armies to command, their Rights to ſave.
Wiſely They choſe, for what Their joynt Conſent
Reſolv'd, is anſwer'd by the Great Event.
By long Experience of Your Arms They knew
What ſuch a Leader, ſuch a King could do.

No Wonder then Thy vaſt Heroick Toil
Makes Mighty Princes court the *Brittiſh* Soil,
In Perſon come to view and to admire
Him, who has ſav'd the World from Rage and Fire;
Who, fearleſs, thro' incircling Dangers ſprung,
Eager of Fame, Wiſe, Pow'rful, Brave, and Young,
And whereſoe'er He flew, brought Victory along.

O, how I could enlarge this pleaſing Scene!
(The Subject pleaſes, tho' the Verſe be mean)
But that I know your Patience and your Time
Too weighty to be ſpent on trifling Rhime.
Elſe would I ſpread the Glories of Thy Line,
How Great, how full of Splendor, how Divine!

What heaps of Honours, and of Conqueſts grace
The numerous Branches of Thy Godlike Race!
Triumphant, All the Publick Good purſue,
And yet are pleas'd to be outdone by You.

But yet, ſo Great, ſo Gallant, ſo Renown'd
As Thou in all the Courts of Fame art found,
Yet have we ſeen Thee All the Man forego,
Laviſh in Grief, and far oppreſs'd with Woe.
But then, what Power is This, that could Controul
Such Martial Heat, and Shake ſo firm a Soul?
MARIA could Alone. *MARIA*'s hapleſs Fate
Made All the Hero Sink, the Fierce, the Bold, the Great.

Oh! She was Goodneſs All, with Pride unſtain'd,
And yet the Port of Majeſty retain'd.
Of Manly Spirit, yet Serene of Face,
Adorn'd with every Virtue, every Grace.
Whilſt in her Eyes tranſcendent Charms were ſeen,
Minerva's Wiſdom, *Juno*'s Awful Meen,
Aroſe Conſpicuous in This *Matchleſs QUEEN.*
Pow'r, Mercy, Bounty, All conſpir'd to ſhow
The World an Angel, whilſt She liv'd below.

Juſt were Thy Tears on This occaſion ſhewn,
For ſuch a Loſs no Age had ever known.
With Thee whole Nations wept, and preſs'd with Grief
Prolong'd their Mourning, careleſs of Relief.
Thine was a nearer Loſs; We more admire
Thou couldſt ſo ſoon revive Thy Martial Fire,
Than that we ſaw Thy Tears: but Fate ordain'd
The *Hero* ſtill ſhould riſe, and ſo his Grief reſtrain'd.

Now has He gain'd his Height, for what remains
For Valour to perform, ſince *Europe* Peace obtains?
This was His Work, in which the Hero ſpent
His Generous Blood for ſuch a Great Event.
A Work ſo full of Wonder and of Fame,
That all the World Conſents to rev'rence his Name.

Let other Writers other Acts rehearſe,
Diſplay His Bolder *D*eeds in Bolder Verſe;
Mine be the Task of Peace, diffuſing o'er
Its golden Fruits to every happy Shore.
Here, when I weigh, that None beſide was found
Able to check Ambition, and to bound
Inſulting Foes, whoſe project was to Awe
United Nations, and give *Europe* Law;
How am I rais'd with Wonder, and with Flame!
Rage, Fury, Tranſport, All that I can name,
Hurries me on to ſpread Thy Matchleſs Fame.

Who doth not feel th' Effect of all Thy Cares
At Home in Council, or Abroad in Wars?
What Part of All the Univerſe complains,
Whilſt ſo Renown'd, ſo Juſt a Monarch reigns?
Is there a Virtue, that to Human Senſe
Seems Uſeful, and goes Unrewarded hence?
By Thee the Muſes are advanc'd above
The People's Cenſure, or Uncertain Love.
Rais'd to Thy Councils, or in meaner Truſt,
Their leaſt degree of Merit's to be Juſt.
Thou know'ſt their Worth, and with Remark haſt ſeen
How faithful to Thy Service They have been.

In all Sublime Occaſions that Require
A Watchful Conduct, and an Active Fire:
Let the World judge, if Thoſe of *Phœbus* Train,
Thoſe whom the KING has choſen to retain,
Have e'er been found Remiſs in Needful Care,
Or in the Wiſh'd Succeſs without a Double Share.
Then let the KING the Muſes Tribe increaſe,
Indulge their Labours, and Secure their Peace.

FINIS.